

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E

THE LAST.

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SATIRE
THE LAST.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus. Virg.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

M DCC XXVI.

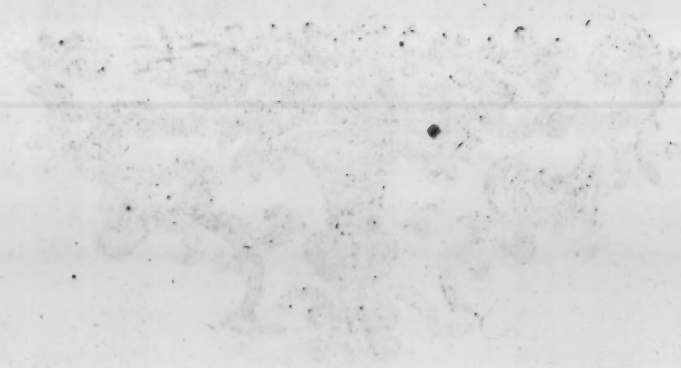
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T H E L A S T .

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE

Esq. Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. &c.



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S A T I R E
T H E L A S T.



ON this last labour, this my closing strain
Smile, *Walpole*, or the Nine inspire in vain.
To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly
thine,

Where *Brunswick's* Glory crowns the whole design?
That Glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That Glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give, and take a lustre from the Throne.

Nor think that Thou art foreign to my theme;
The Fountain is not foreign to the Stream.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This flood of *British* Folly charg'd on Thee?

B

Yet,

Yet, *Britain*, whence this Caprice of thy Sons;
 Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
 For Caprice is the Daughter of Success,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
 And gives our Rulers undesign'd applause;
 Tells how their Conduct bids our Wealth increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace.

While I survey the blessings of our Isle,
 Her Arts triumphant in the Royal smile,
 Her publick wounds bound up, her Credit high,
 Her Commerce spreading sails in every Sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
 And burn to give mankind a single Lord.

The Follies past are of a private kind,
 Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
 But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
 And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse;

Who

Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away,
The World their Field, and Human-kind their Prey.

The *Grecian* chief, th' Enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the Globe; he soars into a God!
Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd Hosts! what Cities in a blaze!
What wasted Countries! and what crimson Seas!
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of Kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boyst'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the Storm,
Or Famine, or Volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds, they Herc-like can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With Dearth, and Pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild Destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
 And Gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal Fame.

When after battel I the field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
 A Nation crusht! a nation of the Brave!
 A Realm of Death! and on this side the grave!
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This Human Chaos, carry smiles away!
 How did my heart with indignation rise!
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
 How was I shockt, to think the Hero's trade
 Of such materials Fame and Triumph made!

How guilty These? yet not less guilty They,
 Who reach false glory by a smother way;
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords.
 Who stifle Nature, and subsist on Art,
 Who coin the Face, and petrify the Heart;
 All real kindness for the shew discard,
 As marble polish'd, and, as marble hard.

Who

Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
 " With open arms their enemies embrace."
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
 " The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine."
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And in their height of kindness are unkind.
 Such Courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the *Catalogue* is writ,
 Nor one more candidate for Fame, admit,
 Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
 Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
 May furnish laughter for another year.
 Then let *Crispino*, who was ne'er refus'd
 The Justice yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait; and be content to reign
 The Pink of Puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
 How Science dwindles, and how Volumes swell.

How Commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the Sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.

How Misers squeeze a young, voluptuous Peer,
His Sins to *Lucifer* not half so dear.

How *Verres* is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How Lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That Clients are redrest, 'till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And even denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are Mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I hasten to compleat
My own design; for *Tonson's* at the Gate.

The Love of Fame in its Effects survey'd
 The Muse has sung; be now the Cause display'd:
 Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
 What is this Power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heaven's indulgence came
 This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
 To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
 Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
 By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
 Wise Laws were fram'd, and sacred Arts were found;
 Desire of praise first broke the Patriot's rest,
 And made a bulwark of the Warrior's breast;
 It bids *Argyle* in Fields and Senates shine.
 What more can prove its origin divine?

But oh! this passion planted in the soul
 On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
 The flaming minister of Virtue meant,
 Set up false Gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
 Of blots, and beauties an alternate source;
 Hence *Gildon* rails, that Raven of the pit,
 Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;

And

And in art-loving *Scarborough* is seen
 How kind a Patron *Pollio* might have been.
 Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
 And into Coxcombs burnishes our Fools;
 Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
 And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height,
 That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
 Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
 How, and in what degree Pride sways the soul?
 (For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
 Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye Doctors! hear the Doctrine I disclose,
 As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose,
 As if a letter'd dunce had said "'tis right,"
 And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition in the *truly-noble mind*
 With Sister-virtue is for ever joyn'd;
 As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal dread
 From Guilt, and Shame, by her last conduct fled;

Her

Her *Virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
 But, when the slave was threatned to be laid
 Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* Ambition works alone,
 But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
 That not more like in feature, and in mien,
 'The God and Mortal in the comic scene.
 False *Julius*, ambusht in this fair disguise,
 Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

No mask in *basest minds* Ambition wears,
 But in full light pricks up her *Ass's* ears;
 All I have sung are instances of This,
 And prove my Theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye Vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
 Be wise, and quit the false *sublime* of life.
 The true ambition there alone resides,
 Where Justice vindicates, and Wisdom guides;
 Where inward Dignity joins outward State,
 Our Purpose good, as our Atchievement great,
 Where publick Blessings publick Praise attend,
 Where Glory is our Motive, not our End.

Would'st thou be Fam'd? have those high deeds in view
 Brave men would act, tho' Scandal should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;
 No pride of Thrones, no fever after Fame;
 But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
 Proud Conquest then, then regal Poms delight;
 Then Crowns, then Triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *Noise* are dear, which with them bring
 His People's blessings to their ardent King:
 But, when those great heroic motives cease,
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
 From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
 A sudden foe to splendor, and applause,
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
 'Till Men and Angels jointly shout his name.
 O Pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
 O blest Ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky,
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
 Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine
 In infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;

From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole Kingdoms smile, a thousand Harvests rise.

In *Brunswick* such a source the Muse adores,
Which publick blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and *George* are rivals for the Fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm determin'd Satire into praise.

Nor *human* rage alone His pow'r perceives,
But the mad Winds, and the tumultuous Waves.
Even Storms (Death's fiercest Ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild Empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *Nature-self*, supporting *Man's* decree,
Styles *Britain's* Sovereign, Sovereign of the *Sea*.

While *Sea* and *Air*, great *Brunswick*! shook our State,
And sported with a King's and Kingdom's Fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did *Britannia* like *Achilles* weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred Deep?
Hang o'er the Floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the Surge, and fight the Storm?

What

What felt Thy *Walpole*, Pilot of the Realm;
 Our *Balinurus* slept not at the Helm,
 His Eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
 And outwatch every Star for *Brunswick's* sake.
 By thwarting Passions tost, by Cares oppress'd,
 He found Thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.
 But, now, what Joys that Gloom of heart dispel,
 No Pow'rs of Language --- but his own, can tell
 His own, which *Art*, and all the *Graces* form,
 At will, to raise or hush the *Civil* storm.

O doubly welcome to *Britannia's* Shore!
 By Toils and Dangers still endear'd the more;
 Thy Touch reviv'd the Genius of our Land;
 All Hearts went forth, and met Thee on the Strand.
 Our Transports are sublim'd by late Distress;
 And Thrones and Empires share in our success.
 What smile of Fate, what Blessing can atone
 For *Brunswick's* absence? --- his Return alone.
 Tho', late, thy *delegated* Stars shone bright,
 And shed a wholesome Influence, still 'twas Night;
 The Nation droopt: but, now, with ravish'd eyes
 From Ocean's lap, she sees her *Sun* arise.

Ecco Deus ramum Lethaei rore madentem, &c. Virg. l. 5.

F I N I S.